

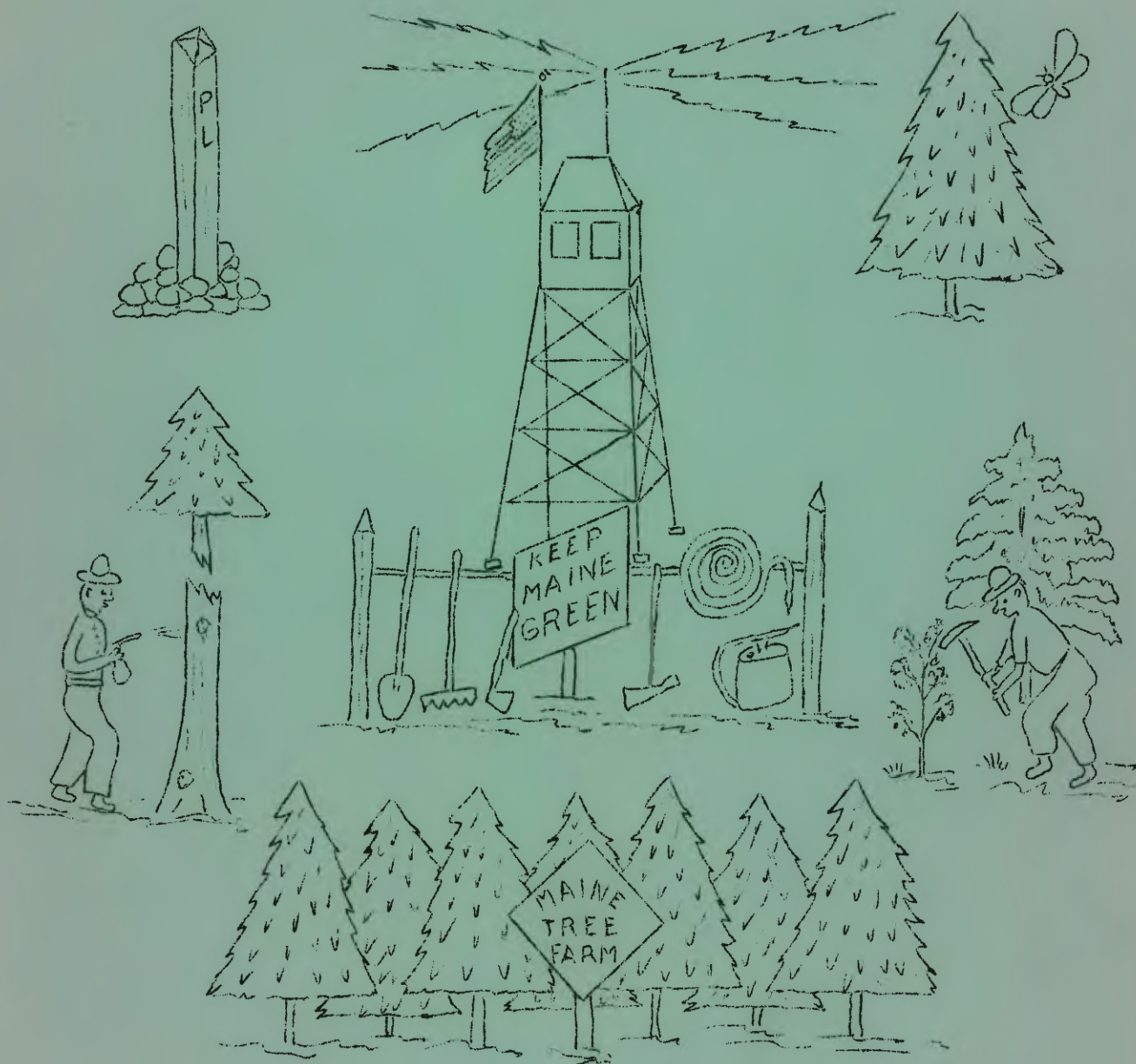
M F 75.16: 2/4
Copy 2

MAINE STATE LIBRARY

FOREST PROTECTORS

Vol. II - No. 4 - 1954

MAINE STATE LIBRARY



Maine Forest Service
Augusta, Maine

NOV 23 1954

1911. 12. 12. 12. 12. 12.

12. 12. 12.

12. 12. 12.

12. 12. 12.

12. 12. 12.

12. 12. 12.

12. 12. 12.

12. 12. 12.

12. 12. 12.

12. 12. 12.

ANOTHER SEASON

The history of this past season has been early spring coastal fires, Gypsy moths, budworms, rain, hurricanes, and blown down timber in southwestern Maine.

The fire warden force has taken advantage of the wet season to construct and repair facilities. This includes several storehouses, living quarters, and tower camps. To try a successful practice used in other states of locating watchmen quarters in the tower cab or on top of the mountain, the new watchman's camp on Saddleback Mt. was rebuilt on top of the mountain. We expect the location will improve detection and the two-way radio system in that area. The hard work and cooperation of Chief Warden Ken Hinkley, the pilots, and wardens of the Western Division made this possible. The improved facilities, which were obtained by cutting logs, being carpenters, masons, and plumbers, will provide better equipment - ready to go - and better warden homes, all contributing to a better forest fire organization.

Like all successful endeavors, the Forestry Department requires team play from warden to commissioner. It has been and always will be the policy of your commissioner that every member of the department be free to express his ideas on departmental work or policy at any time to his superior or to him directly. The Maine Forest Service needs the ideas of all its workers in order to provide the greatest possible service to the people of Maine. Your constructive suggestions are welcome at all times and are especially needed as one season closes, before the next begins.

A very desirable warden characteristic of a cooperative attitude toward the public, landowners, and each other seems to be on the increase with the force. This year the office has received a number of complimentary letters about wardens and the way they do their work. These are pleasant to receive and helpful to the entire department.

In Augusta we are busy with and talking about coming budgets. It is easy for us to understand your needs, but sometimes it is difficult to sell them in competition with the needs of other agencies. We will do our best, just as you try to do in the field. The work and attitude of every worker in the department plays a part in public and legislative thinking on forestry budgets.

I want to thank each of you for your fine team play this season and the progress that has been made in our responsibility to protect and develop Maine's greatest natural resource - its forest lands.

A. D. Nutting
Forest Commissioner

KEEP MAINE GREEN

Although the past wet season has been the major factor contributing to Keeping Maine Green this year, Smokey, Maine's Fire Prevention Bear, has continued to travel throughout the state and is well known by thousands of children and adults.

Since early in 1954, Smokey has visited 123 schools, attended over 50 Grange and other meetings, and attended and took part in approximately 20 shows and parades.

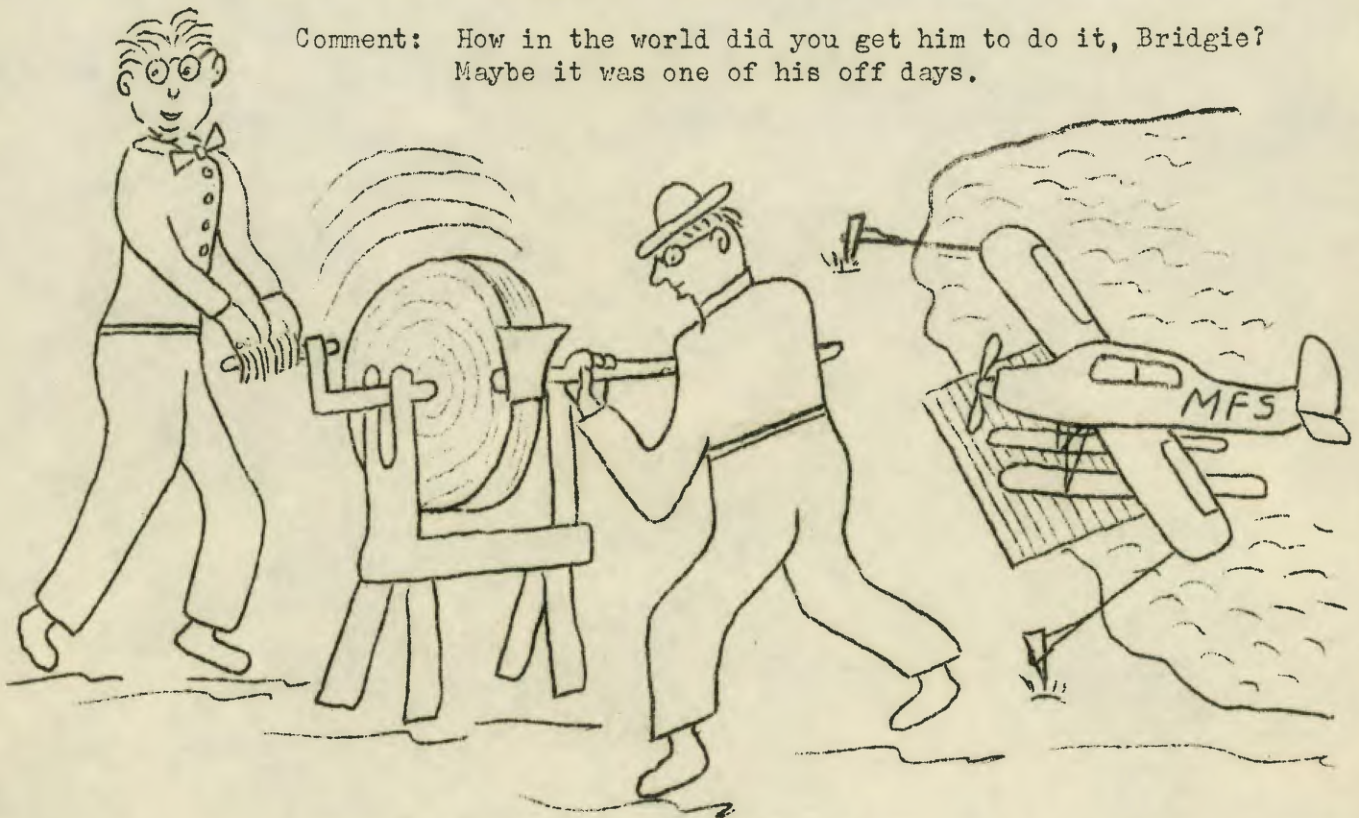
He has talked personally to approximately 30,000 children and 4,000 adults. In addition to this, an estimated 9,500 children and 16,500 adults saw Smokey at shows and in parades. Smokey participated in several television shows and during the season many Smokey movie shorts were used daily and viewed by hundreds of thousands of people. One television station alone services over 90,000 TV sets and is viewed by approximately 250,000 to 300,000 people.

So you can see "Smokey" is really getting around. Already requests are coming in the office scheduling him during the 1955 spring fire season.

LET'S KEEP MAINE GREEN ALIVE FOR 1955!

An authentic rumor came from Umsaskis stating that our Chief Pilot, Earl Crabb, assisted Annas Bridges at the grindstone.

Comment: How in the world did you get him to do it, Bridgie?
Maybe it was one of his off days.



INTERESTING REPORTS BY INSECT RANGERS

Editor's Note: Continuing our series of human interest stories by groups of wardens, we are in this issue printing reports from some of the insect rangers on "My most interesting experience on insect collecting."

Some years back I received a note from Dr. Peirson requesting me to go see a gentleman I will call Mr. X for various reasons. I arrived in the town about 5:30, so after eating I drove over to see what was bothering him. I was received very cordially but rather quietly into a small but good looking house with flowers and shrubs about it.

I soon discovered the bugs Mr. X had were inside and that he was a widower. With misty eyes, he explained how his little woman had been such a good cook and housekeeper and how he was trying to do the same but found it difficult to keep up along with his regular work. His doctor and married daughter wanted him to either get a housekeeper or move in with the daughter and rent.

He had decided on trying a housekeeper and was just about to hire one when to his surprise he discovered the place was full of some kind of bugs which bit. He had no pets of any kind and had tried every kind of spray, etc. I could believe him readily enough as my nose told me so. He was scrubbed like a new dish and his clothes had been boiled in strong soap, still he itched and was embarrassed because he found himself scratching in public. His arms, legs, and even the top of his head (which incidentally made me proud of my hair) showed little red spots similar to jiggers we used to get down South.

I asked if he could show me where they seemed to be coming from but he said he couldn't tell. We looked under rugs, in over-stuffed chairs, the beds, blankets, etc. All we could find were little, almost microscopic, black or brown oval-shaped critters, as he called them, which he figured were dead as they did not seem to move but still clung to cloth after going through the washing machine. I collected some of them and looked them over with a hand lens. I was quite sure they were neither insects nor eggs but assured him Dr. Brower would soon tell in the laboratory. I also dragged my beating sheet around outside after dark as he did not want his neighbors to know. Still did not find anything. I promised to let him know as soon as I heard from Doc Brower and would not tell anyone outside. He would try to get another sample, which he did and left with the chief warden. Report 1 from Dr. Brower - "Bits of cloth, dust, and egg shaped objects which appear to be glass." Report 2 - "Same thing, will be seeing you in a few days. Will go over Mr. X's house together." Comment from chief warden: "Boy, you really got something. Bugs laying china eggs. No wonder Doc is coming up."

By that time I had made a few inquiries and was satisfied what the trouble was. Dr. Brower arrived and we went through the house once more. Same results. Then we popped the question. How long has it been since you had the house insulated? Mr. X looked very surprised. "Oh, we planned to before the Mrs. died but never got to it until about three months ago." "Why?" Dr. Brower explained the presence of the glass eggs and suggested a thorough housecleaning with brushes and vac. I also suggested he see his M.D. to see if he did not agree with us. Today, everyone is happy but I did not get credit for discovering a new species.

Harold Bullock

This isn't a story of insect collecting, insect survey, or control. It's of my first meeting with one member of the Maine Forest Service. I should have said a former member, for I believe this man served thirty years or more and is now retired. He was one of that group who, in dry weather, spent most of his time on a mountain top looking for SMOKE.

I had never been on Passadumkeag Mountain, and had never met the watchman there, so one morning found me starting up the trail. In due time, I arrived at the base camp, and as no one was there I looked around a bit, then took the trail from base camp up to the tower. Climbing leisurely upward I kept a sharp watch for my first glimpse of the tower. Topping a rather steep rise of ground I glanced up, and there through an opening framed by green hardwood tree tops, and set against a background of blue sky was the tower cabin. I just stood there and looked - for seated on the top of that tower cabin was a man. Somehow he seemed different. I can close my eyes and see him now, blue denim frock, bare headed, thinning grey hair ruffled by the light breeze. I watched. He was looking off to the Northward - not a movement for minutes; this was no casual glance. Finally he turned and looked off to the South. Still I watched, but after what seemed like five minutes I became uneasy and took a step. The man's head came around and he looked earthward. Nearing the tower base I heard a door close in the cabin roof. Putting down my pack, I started up the tower ladder and as I neared the top, the floor door opened. I climbed through, closed the door, and stood up to meet a tall, lean, elderly man. Introducing myself, I said, "Well, you were really right up in the breeze." The reply came back, "This tower is about ten to fifteen feet too low. When I want to see something I get up on the roof." So this was Jesse Harriman.

Jesse minutely pointed out mountains, streams, ponds, lakes, and permanent smokes around the horizon, and we talked. We talked of fires, the weather, deer, aeroplanes, insects, and what have you. After a time it clouded up and rain-drops came. I decided that I'd better go back down to the base cabin and eat my lunch in the shelter of the cabin porch. "Going to rain, might as well go on down too," Jesse said. Upon reaching the ground, Jesse spotted my old Kelly axe that I have been mistreating for twenty years. He stooped, picked it up, balanced it for a second in his hands and said, "Umm hmm," and put it gently down. Never did know just what he thought of it. Arriving at the base cabin Jesse made coffee, warmed up beans and biscuits. We ate and talked some more. Finally it came time for me to leave, somehow I hated to go. Jesse invited me to stay the night but I had made plans to be at Nicasious Dam that evening. Jesse followed me out the trail to his garden and we talked about that.

Walking back down the mountain that afternoon I somehow felt that the world was good. Many times since I've thought of an opening through green hardwood tops, a tower cabin against blue sky, and always with Jesse Harriman seated on the roof. I think of it as a color photo, and under it I write, "WATCHMAN".

George McGinley

.....

This little incident might be interesting to those who either know Bob Nash or are going to travel with him on some of his field trips. We sprayed some cedar by plane in the late spring at the time of the moth flight, but the sampling in the field was taken in the early winter.

On the day Nash, Duda, Bullock, and I went into the field it was very cold. We had three plots in the Pittsfield, St. Albans area to sample. After finishing the first area it was suggested we lunch, but Nash thought we should

finish the second area before lunching. By the time the second was finished it was about two in the afternoon. Duda and I felt we would perhaps do the third area before eating. As Nash and Bullock were in the back seat we started toward Newport but took the turn to the next area. In answer to Nash's inquiry regarding lunch, we informed him we thought the third area before might be a good idea. Lunch time looked a long way off to Bob after being told we had eaten the few cookies he had purchased.

After finishing the third plot we then proceeded to Pittsfield where we satisfied our hunger before returning to Augusta.

Dr. Peirson was informed of the episode by some of the gang the following morning so (being very sympathetic) he called me on the phone at the laboratory and made the suggestion that especially in the cold weather we should at least take time to get a hot cup of tea.

My suggestion to anyone who is to travel with Nash is to either carry a lunch or at least a hot cup of tea.

Frank Manning

.....

One of the most interesting experiences I had while collecting insects might be called the first time I met Mr. Fred McGowan. I was making a collection along a woods road when Mr. McGowan came along. He watched from a distance for awhile, then came on over and introduced himself, and after we had talked for awhile and I had told him as near as I could what I was doing and what it was being done for, he started to leave.

As he was going away I heard him say something like this, "What do you suppose that young fellow can find out in a few minutes with that bed sheet and a stick that I haven't found out in 50 years or better."

Later from talking to this same fellow I found out that he couldn't figure out what I was doing when he came up at first. I think it is most interesting to meet these older woodsmen in the woods and hear their side of things.

Jim Holmes

.....

I think that the most interesting work on insect collecting this year was my trip to Kibby Mt. I had been planning to do this in July and was talking with Duluth Wing as to which was the best way to go. While I was talking he said that they were going in next week to take the batteries for the radio pack set, and if I wanted to help them carry the batteries in it would help them and I could get my collections at the same time (the batteries weighed 80 pounds).

On Wednesday morning it was raining hard and we all met at the storehouse. Around ten o'clock the rain let up so we loaded our equipment into the Jeep and started for Kibby Mt. Patrolman Olin Bean and I went in the Jeep and Duluth and Patrolman Sherman Clement followed in the truck as far as Kibby camps where they were going to leave the truck and continue in the Jeep with us. When we reached the camps "Wayne Fletcher" said there was a beaver dam about half way into Kibby stream and the water was across the road so he gave us some dynamite to blow the dam. The dam didn't look too bad so we decided to drive

through and then blow the dam.

After lunch we drove about two miles more where we left the Jeep and started on foot the rest of the way. It was decided to carry the batteries at twenty minute stretches and the other two took the packs. All this time it was still raining and the trail was muddy, sometimes when you put your foot down you would go in to the knee. This was hard on Duluth as he is shorter than the rest of us and weighs quite a lot more so he dragged in quite a few places. We didn't know whether he would make the grade or not but he came through with flying colors. We used fly dope and the rain and sweat washed the dope into our eyes which made them smart in good shape and made our visibility nearly zero.

We reached camp about 6:30, wet and hungry, but Ernest Beech, the watchman, had a good fire going and it was not long before we were eating a good meal. While we were eating Ernest told us about his pet deer which came to the camp yard most every night and sure enough when we looked there was the deer. Duluth had his camera so he took some pictures.

After we had eaten and the dishes were done Ernest told Duluth about the thundershower a couple of days before and how it had hit the tower and the damage it had done. About this time someone mentioned candy so Duluth made a batch of fudge which was very good. I understand he does this quite a lot (this may explain the weight problem he has).

It was still raining the next morning but Duluth was anxious to see the tower and I wanted my collection so he and I went up to the tower and Duluth took some pictures, then we started out and arrived at Eustis in the afternoon. I got my collections and Duluth got the batteries delivered.

Carlton Merrill

.....

One of Henry Willett's favorite stories occurred on one of the spring collecting trips that he and Jim Holmes made by road around to Daaquam. As Henry has never driven, he usually doesn't pay too much attention to the route.

At the time the incident took place they were in Canada on their way home. As usual Henry had not been paying attention to where they were going, and Jim became slightly confused. After discussing the matter for a time, Jim decided that the best thing to do was to stop and ask directions from someone. This he proceeded to do. His one difficulty was that the man he asked directions of could not speak or understand English, and Jim could neither speak nor understand French.

Henry could understand and speak both languages fluently, but thinking to have a little fun decided not to say anything. He sat there for some time listening to both conversations and watching the attempts at sign language by both Jim and the Canadian. According to Henry, the simple act of asking the way didn't turn out to be as simple as Jim had believed it would. He had been counting on assistance from Henry.

As time went on, both men became more excited. The sign language became more violent and the voices went higher and higher. It finally got to a point where both men were in such a frenzy that Henry couldn't understand either of them. Having understood the directions the Canadian had been trying to give to Jim when he was more coherent, Henry thanked him politely in French and told

Jim in English to drive on.

Editor's note: It was difficult to get a story written by Henry Willett. As a result, it was necessary to resort to an interview. The above article was written by Stan Hood.

Doc Peirson sure is in the egg business. His pet "Walking Stick", as featured in the last issue of Forest Protectors, has laid over 460 eggs. The entomologists are pondering as to how they can find green leaves to keep her alive during the winter.

BE CAREFUL WITH FIREARMS!

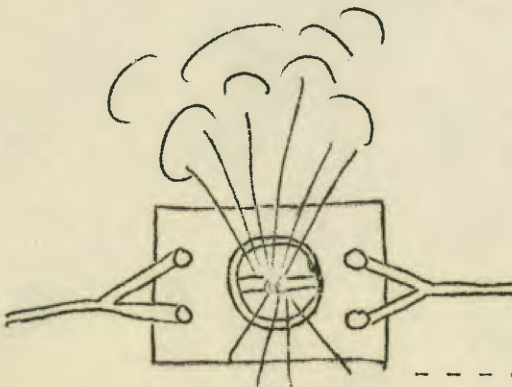
Recently Smokey, Maine's Fire Prevention Bear, visited the Livermore Falls schools. The front door of the grammar school was left open to bring in Smokey and his equipment. As the principal, with his hand on one of the homeroom door knobs, was about to enter the room, there was a sharp "thud" and something skipped across the hall floor. Joel Marsh said, "What the sam-hill was that?" The principal replied by saying, "I don't know but whatever it was it almost hit me."

An inspection found a bullet from a 22-long rifle and a mark on the door within inches of where the principal had stood. The city Chief of Police was called in and after re-enacting what took place it was decided the bullet had come from the western side of the Androscoggin River.

Later in the day the chief reported that he had found a chicken farmer across the river who had been shooting rats. One of the bullets had gone astray and had travelled approximately half a mile in a straight line, through the front door of the school to its destination. Boy! That farmer sure was scared when he was told what happened.

Just suppose the hall had been full of children which it was shortly afterwards during the Smokey Show.

Comment: Let's all be more careful with firearms. Smokey wants to remind all of us that he is the only bear in Maine without a bounty on him!



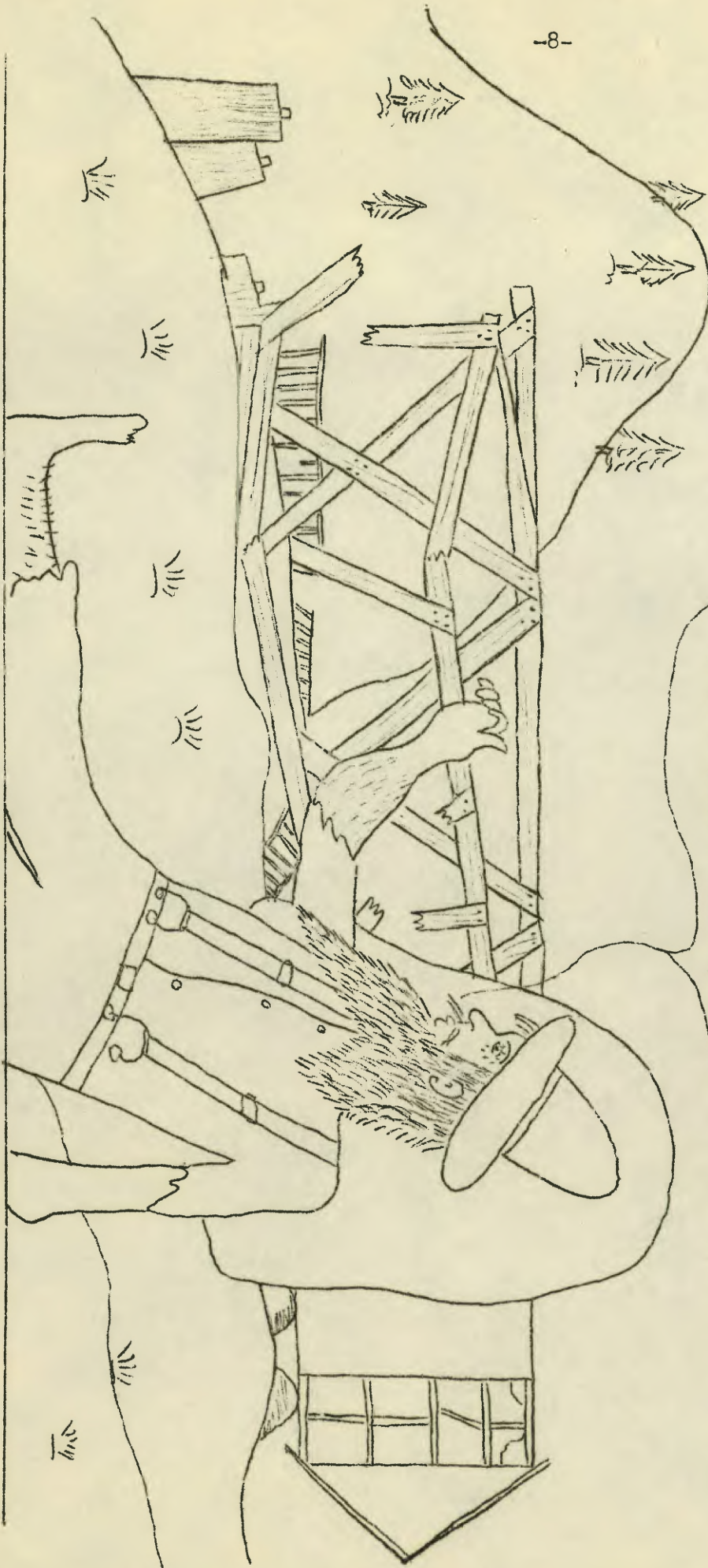
Who blew the fuse? Lillian or the typewriter!

Lillian was going on her fall vacation the next day and was rushing day and night to get her work caught up. Her new electric typewriter temporarily broke down with the over-time assignment.

Editor's Note:

We sincerely hope that training schools have changed this old procedure of instructing watchmen their job and is now followed up by frequent inspection.

The last time I saw
The Chief was twenty-one
years ago when he
fetched me up here!



FARM SERVICE FORESTERS

Editor's Note: Supervisor Bob Dinneen has been doing an excellent job in preparing and issuing every two months a news letter covering the activities of his farm service foresters. In his own way, he has commented on various activities of each forester as taken from their weekly reports. The following are extracts taken from News Letter #5, which bring out the excellent work that our farm service foresters are doing in encouraging farmers to better manage their wood lots. Our congratulations go to these men for the very fine job they are doing. It speaks well for them as individuals as well as the Maine Forest Service and to the public in general.

In Lewiston, Bill Adams visited George Bradstreet and inspected a portion of a 40 acre pine lot which has been owned and operated by Mr. Bradstreet for 50 years. The owner is a retired mill operator and he claims he has practiced good cutting on all land he owns. He was always interested in good management in the past and even paid his mill crew and woods crew to do good work. Bill says this is the first case he has ever heard of anyone paying bonuses for both volume and quality of work. Perhaps it is an idea that could be used by some other mill operators. I do know the S.D. Warren Company crew that operates on a year round basis with a weekly pay check is paid a bonus for production work. Bill says perhaps he could have learned a great deal more about forestry except for the fact that Mr. Bradstreet was stone deaf and he had to holler at him to get any information at all and then many times the owner did not completely understand his question and gave him a different type of answer than he expected.

Elwin Macomber reported in the Town of Stetson he located a grass fire burning on the edge of the woods and reported it to the local fire warden. The fire was near a stream and easily put out. By the time you receive this letter the fall fire season, of course, has officially opened in all its dismal glory and I am sure all the wardens, Fred Holt, Austin Wilkins, and Mr. Nutting are breathing a sigh of relief, knowing that if nothing changes, they can have a very excellent record for this particular year. However, this news item does bring to mind the fact that we, as Maine Forest employees, should always be ready to help whenever we pass one of these fires that has not been discovered or reported. As you may remember from your forest protection course at school, get-away time was one of the most important elements in putting out fires and if we, as Maine Forest employees, are first upon the scene of a fire, stopping and going to work on it immediately may be the big factor in preventing it from becoming a very large one. While I realize most of our cars are already loaded to the hilt with all kinds of equipment, perhaps we should try to see that we do have one or two fire fighting tools that could be helpful in case of an emergency. I believe you all have been issued backpack pumps, shovels, and perhaps mattocks, and these would be useful in case you are the one who discovers the fire first.

Just to show you how new contacts are made in the every day course of events and also with a little variety to give it spice, Joe Lunsha was wandering through the Town of Smyrna Mills and dropped into a variety store where he made a few purchases. As he looked like a rather interesting character, they inquired of his work and he discussed it with them. As a result, he found they were quite interested in tree planting and would like to do some this coming spring. He gave them a tree planting order card, a tree planting bulletin, and plans on visiting them the first chance he gets.

Up in the Town of Corinna, Elwin Macomber found a man with a new product he is

trying to develop. B. A. Lindsay had been marketing a new cedar walkway and has been selling some of them at \$4.62 per ten foot length. Each length contains five board feet of cedar and some wire to bind it together. Mr. Lindsay runs a sawmill and buys cedar for ties and other products and found he did have a great deal of scrap lumber that could be used for some product if he could think of it and this walkway is his first approach to it. From the news we have heard since this date apparently there has been some interest in it and it is hoped it will develop even further.

Down in Rockland, Bob Umberger visited the land of the Camden-Rockland Water Company, which is doing a relief cutting in pine and spruce plantations along the water sheds. They have done about two acres and would do more but the state is changing the road location and have their surveying stakes right through the plantation. Bob says incidentally that the plantation is long and narrow and the new road will go through the plantation the long way. The way he looks at it you can't win. Somebody is always against you.

Down in the Town of Damariscotta, on Round Top Farm, they are again doing their ten acres of thinning and pruning under PMA and last year they cut and treated 2,000 Norway Pine fence posts. This is one of the few places in Maine where treated fence posts have been made (that I know of). All of these Norway pine have been taken from pine plantations planted 15 to 20 years ago.

While this may happen to others in the field, this is the first time I have officially seen it reported that the good neighbor policy has been extended to farm foresters. Blynn Merrill was over in the Town of Talmadge going over Mr. Neil's woodlot with him and by the time they finished, it was practically dark. Mr. Neil asked him if he had a place to stay for the night and when told he had to go on and look for one, insisted he stay there with him. It is things like this happening that give us the strength to go on with our work knowing there are still some good people left in this cruel and heartless world that we sometimes think we are in.

Bob Lawrence reports that on the land of Mr. Goldammer he made a cutting check because the owner was alarmed with the large amount of pulp he found along the road and thought the men were cutting unmarked trees. In checking the woodland with the owner, it was found they were not but this was one of the very exceptional crews that Bob has in his area. One man and his assistant are putting on the average of three cords of pulpwood roadside apiece in a 7-1/2 hr. working day. First the two men limb, and then one man saws while the other twitches the limb tops to him. The tops are also being salvaged from a former cutting operation and some were being taken from a thinned young stand. They had a pile of pulp 4 feet high and 300 feet along the truck road so you can see why the owner was somewhat alarmed. These men had entered the Farmington Sportsmen's Show in a chain saw bucking contest and took first and second places. They were supposed to have cut 11,000 board feet in one day and yarded ten of it on a lot in Canaan in one day. With a crew such as this, Bob certainly must have to keep his marking way ahead as they will catch up with him and pass him in no time flat.

Down in the Town of West Baldwin, Steve Orach reports that Harry Black has a woodlot that has eastern red cedar which has grown to a diameter of 14" d.b.h. and he has used some of it in cabinet construction. He also has a considerable area of very large black birch on this same land. While we know that eastern red cedar and black birch do grow here in Maine, most of the time they do not grow to a very large size and this is a rather unusual woodlot from the sound of it.

In the Town of Andover, Sumner Burgess examined the plantation of Fred Milton who has just planted 6,000 pine seedlings that he has lifted up from an overstocked field. He says after this experience he will not buy any more tree seedlings as he can do just as well using his own stock. Sumner says he lifts trees from 12 to 18 inches high and lifts the sod right with them and fits them back in with excellent results in survival.

Sumner also visited the plantation of Charles House in Rumford and found his daughter had planted 500 red pines for him as a 4-H Club project. This should give encouragement to Dick Arsenault who, as you know, has two daughters and, at this rate, if he can plant 1,000 trees a year, there is a possibility he should have a very large plantation by the time they are ready for college.

 YEARLY SUMMARY OF MISCELLANEOUS ACCOMPLISHMENTS
 ON FARM FORESTRY PROJECTS - JULY 1, 1953 to JUNE 30, 1954

| | No. | No. | No. | No. | Days | No. | Days | No. | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|-----------------|--------------|---------------|-----------------|----------------|--------------|-----------------|--------------|
| | Tree Farm | Newspap. | Forestry | Train. | Fire | Meetings | Annual | Meetings | |
| | <u>Inspection</u> | <u>Articles</u> | <u>Talks</u> | <u>School</u> | <u>Fighting</u> | <u>General</u> | <u>Leave</u> | <u>Civilian</u> | <u>Other</u> |
| <u>YORK COUNTY</u> | | | | | | | | | |
| Arsenault | 3 | 2 | 12 | 15 | 6 | 16 | 0 | 0 | 38 |
| <u>CUMBERLAND</u> | | | | | | | | | |
| Orach | 5 | 4 | 9 | 14 | 2 | 15 | 10 | 6 | 37½ |
| <u>ANDROSCOGGIN</u> | | | | | | | | | |
| Burgess | 5 | 9 | 14 | 14½ | 3 | 25 | 10 | 0 | 11½ |
| <u>AUGUSTA</u> | | | | | | | | | |
| Adams | 12 | 4 | 15 | 15 | 1 | 25 | 10 | 0 | 16 |
| <u>SKOWHEGAN</u> | | | | | | | | | |
| Lawrence | 7 | 8 | 26 | 14 | 4 | 33 | 6 | 1 | 12 |
| <u>ROCKLAND</u> | | | | | | | | | |
| Umberger | 0 | 3 | 24 | 14 | 0 | 24 | 8 | 0 | 20½ |
| <u>PENOBSCOT</u> | | | | | | | | | |
| Macomber | 5 | 5 | 12 | 14 | 0 | 16 | 10 | 0 | 32 |
| <u>DOVER-FOXCROFT</u> | | | | | | | | | |
| Merrill | 5 | 1 | 8 | 14 | 0 | 22 | 0 | 0 | 35 |
| <u>WASHINGTON COUNTY</u> | | | | | | | | | |
| Kilbreth (10 mos.) | 3 | 18 | 7 | 11 | 5 | 16 | 11½ | 0 | 23 |
| <u>AROOSTOOK</u> | | | | | | | | | |
| Lupsha | 2 | 0 | 21 | 15 | 0 | 10 | 1 | 0 | 31 |
| TOTAL | 47 | 54 | 148 | 140½ | 21 | 202 | 66½ | 7 | 256½ |

TREE FARMS

One hundred and twenty-seven tree farm applications have been received since the program started in 1952, eleven of which were received during August, September, and October, 1954.

Sixty-eight tree farms have been dedicated with a total of 121,132 acres pledged for continuous growth of forest crops. In addition to this, 19 woodlands have been approved for certification with dedications pending. Many of these will be dedicated during the next two months which will mean that Maine will have well over eighty tree farms before the close of 1954.

Yes, more and more woodland owners are becoming interested in better woodland management. Our farm service foresters under the supervision of Bob Dinneen should be congratulated. The assistance that they are giving to thousands of small woodland owners every year will mean that in a few years Maine will be outstanding in its tree farm progress.

- - - - -

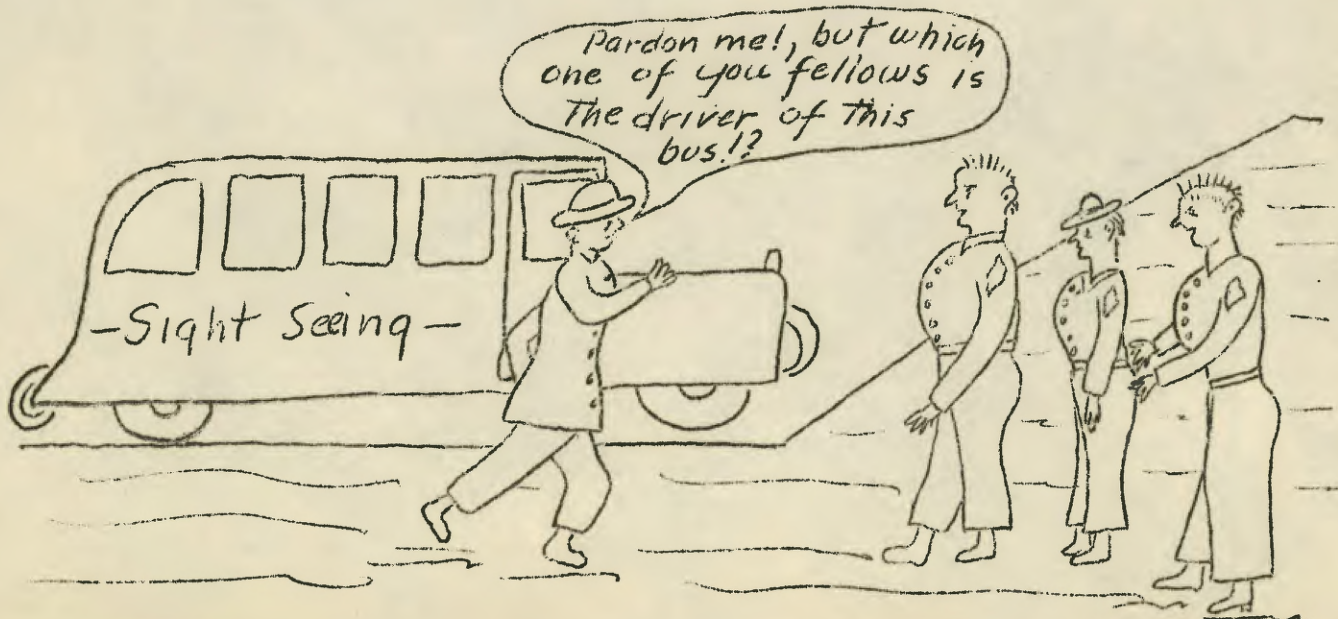
Our miniature sawmill exhibit went over big at the Springfield Fair. Someone was watching the sawdust as it was being blown from the mill and asked Horace Remick, the attendant, "Where does the sawdust come from?" Very unconcerned, and with Horace's noted dead-pan face, he answered, saying, "Very few people realize it but the sawdust is being blown through a pipe all the way from Maine." Comment: Quick thinking, Horace.

- - - - -

THOSE NEW FORESTRY UNIFORMS REALLY ARE SOMETHING!

While attending the Springfield Fair, Johnnie Walker, Bob Lawrence, and Al Willis (all in forestry uniforms) were standing in front of the Sheraton Hotel alongside of an old dilapidated bus. You can see the results.

We understand Bob Lawrence immediately went to the tailor shop and had the words "Service Forester" stitched on the other sleeve so that he would not be mistaken again.



FORESTRY EXHIBIT - EASTERN STATES EXPOSITION
Springfield, Mass., Sept. 18-26/54

The forestry exhibit at the Eastern States Exposition this year was considered by many to be one of the best set up by the department within recent years. Thousands of visitors passed through the Maine Building and many favorable comments were heard. For the reader, it might be of interest to mention that this exposition is one of the highlights of our educational program. It involves much planning and effort to meet the high standard of other years.

This year the theme of the forestry exhibit was a miniature layout of a model board yard, selectively cut woodlot, truck hauling operation, an incinerator-portable sawmill operation. A space of 18 x 25' was allotted to the department.

The following are some of the interesting detailed features of the exhibit: Live action of a conveyor taking slabs and edgings from the saw up an incline and dropped into an incinerator was of particular interest to many. Smoke coming from the incinerator was nothing but pine-fir incense but gave the effect of live burning of the waste wood and at the same time provided a fine aroma throughout the building.

Stunted slow-growing bog spruce was used for the miniature, selectively cut woodlot. These dwarf trees gave a very realistic appearance of a wood lot. Another section of the exhibit showed a cutover lot with the resultant slash, haul roads, trucks hauling logs, brows of logs, bulldozers in action, an L-frame log loader. This particular scene came in for considerable attention.

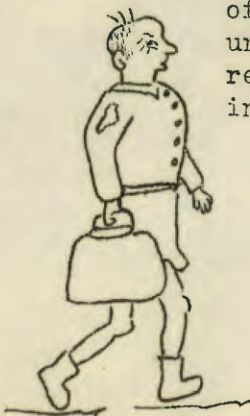
Still another part of the exhibit was the model boardyard in which 65 miniature piles of boards were systematically laid out to show how a model boardyard should be laid out. Each pile contained a number and the number of feet.

Of special interest to many was the miniature portable sawmill in which sawdust came out from a blower and emptied onto a sawdust pile.

Feature write-ups of the exhibit appeared in the leading newspapers of Boston and in our own Maine newspapers.

Attendants at the exhibit were John Walker, Al Willis, Bob Lawrence, Horace Remick, Buster Tingley, and Austin Wilkins.

While there is a lot of hard work connected with this exhibit and long hours, it does have its compensating amusing incidents. John Walker, in his haste to get away from Augusta to drive the truck, neglected to bring the pants of his uniform. This oversight was not discovered until he had unpacked his suitcase at the hotel. Bob Lawrence came to the rescue with an extra pair of pants of his own. There were other incidents which will be shown later on in sketch form.



Johnny arrived in time for the Springfield Fair with his new full dress forestry uniform but without his pants!

Comment: What a physique!!

1954 FIRE SEASON

It will not be possible at this time to give a statistical report of the number of fires, area burned, and damage this past season. This work is normally done in the winter but will be available in the spring issue of Forest Protectors in 1955. However, it goes without saying that this is one of the most favorable years that the department has had for some time. Outside of the normal spring fire season of grass, pasture, and blueberry burnings, the rest of the season was wet, climaxed by the three hurricanes of Carol, Edna, and Hazel.

Due to the favorable season, from the standpoint of activity in fire suppression, the supervisors and their wardens were able to catch up on many projects which are normally held for wet periods. Watchmen's camps and storehouses were constructed, telephone lines rebuilt and bushed out, intensive marking of hand tools and other equipment by division and chief warden district color symbols, training sessions, inspection work, and many other activities.

A rough estimate at this time -- 330 fires and 3,000 acres burned over.

As the fire season now comes to an official end, the Augusta office wishes to thank the field warden force for their excellent cooperation. Since 1949 it has been most noticeable to observe the esprit de corps built up among the wardens that they are part of a progressive forest fire protection organization.

MAINE FOREST SERVICE CHEER FUND Financial Statement October 1, 1954

| | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------|---------------|
| Balance October 1, 1953 | | \$25.49 |
| Receipts | | |
| Dues | \$172.00 | |
| Check returned | <u>7.50</u> | <u>179.50</u> |
| | | \$204.99 |
| Disbursements | | |
| Bank Service charge | \$2.05 | |
| Flowers, fruit, cards, postage | 42.10 | |
| 25 certificates of merit | 20.00 | |
| Special gifts | <u>20.76</u> | <u>84.91</u> |
| Balance October 1, 1954 | | \$120.08 |

Submitted by Secretary Kay Larkin

IF A TREE COULD TALK

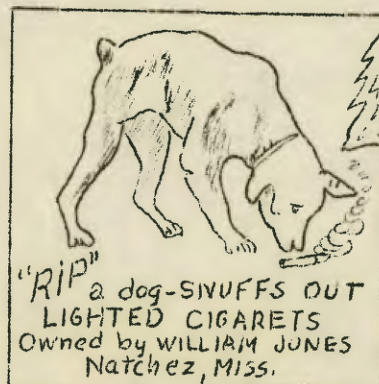
If a tree could talk, I've often thought just what it might say
about we people here on earth that steal its life away.
I've often wondered if they'd say that through our grave mistakes
their life's not safe from the day they're born till they reach
their resting place.
And on a dry and windy day, when they seem to shake with fear
that man will pass and drop a match and end their life so dear
They seem to say with rustling leaves, please God, pass him by
that we may live another year 'cause we're too young to die.
We know we are meant to service man, for fuel and homes and things,
but our usefulness is soon wiped out when careless man steps in.
When woodsmen with their axes, and some with no thought of abuse,
step in to take our life away before we've passed our youth.
It makes us think man doesn't care because we are just a tree,
if things were just the other way, we're sure this wouldn't be.
All we have ever asked of man is to save us from such things as fire,
disease, and wastefulness.
Is asking that, a sin?
If when we've reached maturity and they should want us then,
we'd feel a pride in being felled to help the cause of men.
Our fish, our game would never live if it wasn't for our trees,
this rich, productive soil of ours would lie beneath the seas.
So we, as men, upon this earth should surely never balk
at doing things a tree would ask if it could only talk.

Sent in by Charles Bragdon

It's okay to kick if you kick to the right person in your organization
first. It's also a good idea to kick the right thing. Recently 20 firemen
paid little attention to a charred box they saw in the midst of a brush fire
they fought for four hours near Chester, Pa. The fire extinguished, one of
the volunteers kicked the box - and out rolled 40 sticks of dynamite.

RIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT

As taken from Lewiston Daily Sun, Nov. 1/54



It is rumored that Joel Marsh is
going to give a special training
course for dogs at our spring
fire meetings in 1955.

Be sure to bring your dog with you!
Free instruction for all dogs.

MISCELLANEOUS

Winners by division of fire hand tool marking.

It was our sincere thought to be able to announce in this issue the winners in each division of the best fire hand tool marking job. This is now impossible but announcement will be made next spring at the warden training schools and presentation of certificate of merit.

- - - - -

Excerpt from U.S.F.S. audit inspection letter of 9/10/54. Period Jan 1, 1953 - June 30, 1954.

"The auditor was impressed with the apparent accuracy and reliability of your fund and property accounting records and supporting documents, as well as the efficiency of your personnel."

Signed Chas. L. Tebbe

- - - - -

Before Trial Justice Maurice Alkins
Bingham, Maine
Aug. 29, 1954

Warden: Vaughn Thornton
Respondent: Clarence Bragdon of Vassalboro
Complaint:

Building fire in unorganized territory on privately owned land without consent of owner.

Date of offense: 8/21/54

Place: T. 4, R. 18 Foley Pond

Plea: Guilty

Found: Guilty

Sentence: \$10.00 fine and costs of \$7.82

Disposal: Paid \$17.82

- - - - -

On a Friday, Donna, Bill's clerk, and our new office baby, showed extreme interest in the office map of the United States. Naturally! A boy friend in California!

Something happened over the weekend so now her interests have been diverted to the University of Maine. Someone asked Donna's mother what the story was. She answered by saying, "One in the hand is worth two in the bush." As Smokey, the Bear would say, "Wow!"

- - - - -

Extract from weekly report of Edward Werler, Baxter Park, Oct. 2/54.

Sunday - Bear tore up cesspool, stole food, etc. last night.

Monday - Started to rebuild cesspool.

Tuesday - Dug out cesspool and hauled stuff away.

Wednesday - Dug out cesspool.

Thursday - On sick list all day!!

HURRICANES

Much could be written about hurricanes Carol, Edna, and Hazel. Each storm was peculiar in itself and space does not permit too much for each. Below is a general report of the damage caused by Carol and Edna. Fortunately, Hazel passed to the west of Maine causing little or no damage. However, it is in order to mention the assistance given the Civilian Defense by our radio communication system. Working in close cooperation with CD, our entire warden personnel was alerted for radio communication duty on a 24-hour basis during the hurricanes of Edna and Hazel. Our entire network came into play with services rendered at each of the CD county headquarters.

We wish at this time to extend our most sincere thanks and appreciation to the wardens who cooperated so splendidly in this effort. These exercises proved to be very instructive with particular reference to bringing out any weaknesses in our network during an emergency. These weaknesses will be discussed at the spring warden training sessions.

We are pleased to print a letter of appreciation sent to Commissioner Nutting for our services.

September 27, 1954

Mr. Albert Nutting, Commissioner
Maine Forest Service
State House, Augusta

Dear Commissioner Nutting:

On behalf of the state-wide Civil Defense and Public Safety organization, Colonel Mapes and I wish to express our whole-hearted appreciation and thanks to you, Austin Wilkins, and members of your organization for your excellent cooperation and assistance during Hurricane Edna.

We are continually receiving expressions of pleasure and favorable comments from County Civil Defense and Public Safety Directors in respect to the excellent communications provided by your mobile equipment and operators at County Control Headquarters. We asked for your assistance, and you responded to the maximum possible extent.

Would you kindly convey our sincerest thanks and appreciation to all members of your department for the fine job done.

Kindest personal regards.

For the Director:

Sincerely yours,

George R. Petty, Assistant Director
Civil Defense and Public Safety

REPORT OF FORESTRY DEPARTMENT
HURRICANE DAMAGE- Estimate
Carol and Edna

| | | | |
|----------------|--|----------------|---------------|
| Down Timber | Gross stumpage value | \$400,000 | |
| | Salvable Value | <u>350,000</u> | |
| | Net Loss | | \$50,000 |
| River Pulpwood | Value - washed out to sea | 500,000 | |
| | Salvable Value | <u>125,000</u> | |
| | Net Loss | | 375,000 |
| Elm Problem | Pruning, removal and supervised proper disposal of down trees, limbs, and stumps on public and private land to prevent spread of Dutch Elm Disease | | 250,000 |
| Forestry Dept. | Damage to tower roads on state right-of-ways | 9,000 | |
| | Removal of obstructions in fire lanes and roads | <u>10,000</u> | <u>19,000</u> |
| | Total | | \$694,000 |

BIG TREES IN MAINE WOODS

As taken from NORTHEASTERN LOGGER - November 1954

A tree that was a vigorous 10-year old when Unity was settled, crashed down, a 117 foot white pine giant, under an axe and saw onslaught in Unity's sesquicentennial observance. The 160-year old forest monarch, possibly the largest of its species in the East, was sized up as containing 904 board feet of lumber in the four-ton butt log section alone, and 3,140 board feet in the upper trunk. It was prime timber years ago but was spared until the town's 150th birthday.

John Edgerly, on whose property the pine stood, said it grew about 100 yards from timber felled to produce a mast for the Frigate Constitution, better known as "Old Ironsides." Local lore says 16 yoke of oxen were required to haul the Constitution's spar out of the woods, and one yoke to haul rum for the loggers. The sesquicentennial tree was hauled out by one tractor, and there was no rum in sight. Edgerly loaded the 16-foot base log from the tree and put it in the line of march for Unity's big sesquicentennial parade which featured the town's 150th birthday celebration August 13 and 14.

James B. Vickery, Jr., chairman of the sesquicentennial committee, said that there were exactly 150 rings on the stump of the tree. Allowing one year of growth for every ring and adding another ten years for the tree to grow stump high, officials determined that the "old timer" was 160 years old.

Men from the Forestry Department secured an eight-inch section from the butt log which will be on display in the Department building in Augusta. It will also be used at fairs and other places where it should attract wide attention.

RETIREMENTS

We are announcing at this time the retirement of three of our members of the Maine Forest Service. John Chamberlain retires as watchman on Spoon Mt. with a service record of 29 years. Louis Paquet retires after completing 20 years as a combination of watchman and patrolman at Clayton Lake. These men were each presented with a certificate of appreciation together with a billfold.

Henry Willett, known by many in the northern part of the state and more recently as an insect ranger in the entomology division, also retired after completing a service record of 21 years. At an annual meeting of Dr. Peirson's insect rangers held recently in Augusta, Henry was presented with a certificate of appreciation, a woolen jacket and two ties. An informal luncheon was also held in Henry's honor.

We wish these retired wardens the best of luck and many more years of good health.

- - - - -

SOCIAL EVENTS

Editor's note: We are pleased to report that several of the chief wardens and state district wardens held during the season informal group gatherings of their wardens within their respective districts. The Augusta office feels that these little social gatherings add much toward building up good will and promoting harmony among the warden force. These meetings are, of course, attended by the "better half" of the men and a good time is enjoyed by all.

An example of the type of some of these meetings is brought out by the recently held corn roast for District 3, held at the headquarters of Seasonal Warden Fred Edgecomb. Another one is that recently held in the Rangeley district, a description of which is mentioned below.

On October 3, 1954, the personnel of the Rangeley District, Maine Forest Service, enjoyed a lobster feed at the Cupsuptic headquarters. Everyone enjoyed a good time despite the heavy drizzle that was falling.

This is the third year that the Rangeley District has held these fall get-togethers of the wardens and their families.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Nile were not present this year as it was their thirty-third anniversary, but the group presented them a tuberous begonia and a souvenir ashtray.

Champion lobster eater was Willis Bean, while Joe Parker took over in the clam department. Prince Edwards declared that it was the best feed he has had since he started cooking for the construction jobs in mid-August. Prince is quite a cook but he won't admit it and does he love it??

The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Waylan Williams; Mr. and Mrs. Donald Wilcox and son; Mr. and Mrs. Willis Bean; Mr. and Mrs. Alton Edwards; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Parker and two children; Mr. Richard Brown (our bachelor); Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hinkley and three children.

- - - - -

